

## MAN HUNT IN JERSEY SWAMP.

### POLICE THINK MURDERER IS HIDING NEAR PLAINFIELD.

Charles Long, Who Killed a Man in Trenton, in Row Over Woman, Seen Near "Dismal Swamp"—Detectives in an Auto Guard Outskirts of Dense Thicket.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., July 25.—Charles Long, a bad negro, who is wanted in Trenton for murdering Matthew Cunningham, another negro, there on July 10, is believed to be hiding in a swamp about four miles from here in the direction of South Plainfield. It is not known whether he is armed, but the dozen farmers whose farms are on the outskirts of the swamp are alarmed for fear he may attempt robbery.

This section of Jersey hasn't had a man hunt for a long time, so the efforts of the police in the last few days to track the negro in and around the swamp have caused some excitement.

Long is an ex-convict. He blew off the top of Cunningham's head with a shotgun in a row over a woman, and the Trenton police have offered a reward of \$250 for him. They got no track of Long until last Saturday, when they heard he was working for a farmer named Nelson at Newmarket, about a mile from the swamp. This swamp is about eight miles in circumference. It has been known for years by the natives as the "dismal swamp." It is a piece of marshy land with very heavy underbrush, so thick that persons have been lost there.

Two Trenton detectives, who started after Long in an automobile, saw him making for this swamp on Saturday. On Monday Charles O'Gorman, the doorman of Police Headquarters here, came across him lying under a tree near South Plainfield. He chased him, emptying his revolver after him, but the negro got away and again disappeared in the swamp. Some of the farmers have been assisting the Trenton detectives in watching the outskirts of the swamp since then. The detectives have an automobile and have been touring the roads around the swamp. Owing to the size of the swamp, the negro could have easily escaped, although the police believe he would have been seen in some of the adjacent communities if he had.

Yesterday morning, Dennis Harlan, a trackwalker on the Lehigh Valley road, which runs near the swamp, saw him and gave chase. Nobody has reported seeing him since. To-day a farmer, who was riding a bicycle, followed the Stetson road near the swamp. Bicycles are seldom seen around there and the woman was a stranger. She pedaled swiftly out of the swamp. The police have the idea that possibly the woman comes from Trenton and is getting food to the negro in the swamp. They are keeping a lookout on the road for her.

Chief of Police Kieley of Plainfield, who has two of his men assisting the Trenton detectives, said to-day that it was impossible for the negro, if he is still there, to obtain any food but berries.

The police, assisted by some of the farmers, have penetrated well into the swamp, but it is impossible to go all through it on account of the thick undergrowth. To place an effective cordon around the swamp would require several hundred men. Most of the farmers gave up looking for the negro to-day and left work to the police.

Long worked for a time in Trenton and here and knows the swamp, if any one does. He is a short, thickset negro, with a bad record. Descriptions of him have been circulated for miles. He is believed to be a very dangerous man and has been captured if he attempted to get away from here.

## AGED VETERAN IN TROUBLE.

### Miss With G. A. R. Hodge Accused of Attempting to Assault Little Girl.

A man who said he was Henry Wilson and gave his age as 70, but refused his address, was arraigned before Magistrate Connon in Flushing yesterday for having attempted a criminal assault on Louise Kessler, 12 years old, who lives with her mother at 22 Ellyer street, Brooklyn. The child's father is dead, and while she was on her way to visit his grave in Linden Hill Cemetery she was accosted by Wilson, who induced her to accompany him to Maurice's Woods.

The pair were noticed by John Boulet, a special officer of the Seventy-seventh precinct, who followed them to the woods. What he saw there caused him to arrest the man, whom he afterward handed over, with the girl, to Patrolman Amos Guerin of the same precinct, who took them to the Newtown station house. The girl was afterward taken home, and Wilson was locked up.

The child and her mother and the two policemen were in court, as was also John A. Reuser, agent of the Brooklyn Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who is looking into the case. The prisoner was well dressed and wore a G. A. R. button and an Odd Fellows pin. He pleaded not guilty and was held in \$1,000 bail for examination on Friday. He was taken to the court to get a lawyer or to procure bail and was sent to jail. When asked whether he wished to notify relatives or friends of his predicament he replied in the negative.

The police say that they found on the man letters addressed to "H. Grossman, 56 Delmonico place, Brooklyn," and that he also had pension papers in his pocket. He was wearing a watch and the owner had served in the civil war in the Fifty-second Regular Infantry, and had been honorably discharged and pensioned.

## RICHMAN FOR PROCTORS.

The Actor to Be Leading Man of the Company—Gertrude Coghlan Engaged.

F. F. Proctor announced last night that Charles Richman had been engaged as leading man for the stock company at the Fifth Avenue Theater. He had previously announced the engagement of Amelia Bingham as leading woman and Miss Bingham will open with the company on Monday, Sept. 4, probably in Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson."

Gertrude Coghlan is another engagement for the theater. She will play "Ingénue leeds."

J. Austin Fynes, manager of the theater, has already been selected, and in that time at least three plays will be acted for the first time on any stage. Paul Potter, who last spring completed a comedy for Miss Bingham, has now offered the play to Mr. Proctor. Mr. Broadhurst also has written a splendid play for Miss Bingham, and that piece also will doubtless first see the light at the Fifth Avenue. There is a prospect that Franklin Fyles's newest play will be produced here.

## WELL, WHERE'S THE GIRL?

Mr. Keating Knows What Became of the Ring He Lost in the Sea in '96.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., July 26.—William Keating, who gives his address as New Bedford, claims that he was the owner of a plain gold ring found by William E. Ansell in the pouch of a codfish which he was dressing at a wharf here in February, 1876. Keating says that in 1876, when he was living in Beverly, he exchanged rings with a young woman to whom he was attentive. He was fishing in the water off the wharf early and while on the banks one day, wringing his hands to keep them warm, the ring slipped off and disappeared in the ocean.

Keating said he never thought anything about the incident all these years, but, picking up one of the fishermen's books of the period while in this city the present week he happened to turn to the page relating the finding of the ring in the codfish's pouch. From the description he is satisfied it was his ring which the fish found and swallowed, but could not digest.

## CONVEYED LAND HE DOESN'T OWN.

Escaped Inmate Plots Deeds Property of Wealthy Residents of Hyde Park.

POUGHKEEPSIE, July 26.—Frank P. Wemple, an escaped inmate from the Hudson River State Hospital, a brother of Edward Wemple, former Comptroller of the State of New York, has executed a deed conveying the lands of wealthy residents on the Hyde Park road to Rose Burgess, of New York for a consideration named as \$4,000. The deed was called to the deed by the attention which was drawn to the deed sought to be transferred by the properties of the Hudson River State Hospital and Fred W. Vanderbilt, whereas the two are miles apart. Wemple further changed the course of the Hudson River from north and south to east and west to fill in a gap on one side of his dreamland domain.

As a condition to the transfer Wemple stipulated that his wife, Clara Wemple, should have the use of a cottage on the estate for life and an annuity of \$50. The deed was witnessed according to the legal requirements by Joseph C. O'Connell, notary public, of 156 Broadway, New York city. The property sought to be transferred by Wemple is owned by the Roosevelt and other wealthy residents on the Hyde Park road. The deed is regularly recorded in the Dutchess County Clerk's office and legal proceedings will be necessary to clear the records of it. The police have taken hold of the case to ascertain if a fraud was perpetrated upon Rose Burgess.

Wemple escaped from the hospital on June 11 and executed the deed in New York on June 14. He was admitted as a patient on Jan. 9 last, suffering from diphtheria. While on parole he took French leave and returned to his home in Schenectady. Subsequently he was placed in Marshall's infirmary in Troy and on June 29 was returned to the hospital here. He now appears to be sane and says he has no recollection of the deed.

## SWORE AWAY GIRL'S GOOD NAME.

Police Steel Pigeons Commended to Jermey's Attention.

Mary Jablowsky, of 67 East Ninth street was arraigned in Essex Market yesterday by Detective McKay of Union Market charged with keeping a disorderly house. Two young men who described themselves as Morris Goldberg and Isaac Rosenberg, and said they were stool pigeons for the police, testified that a young girl, Annie Matli, who lived in the house, and who was a dancer on the stage, had been under the Tenement House law, was a bad character and that they had been paid by the police to prove it.

The Matli girl cried when she heard their testimony.

"Judge," she said, "I am a respectable girl. These men have lied about me."

Magistrate Steinert sent Policeman Schwartz of the court squad with the girl to verify her statement. The policeman reported back some time later that the girl's story was absolutely true in every particular.

"These witnesses for the police have lied," said Magistrate Steinert as he dismissed the case. The two stool pigeons slunk out of court.

Friends of the young girl have come to the front and a fund will be raised to prosecute the hired police witnesses who testified against her.

## CANT DRIVE OUT HER BEES.

Tenant Has Honey, but Not Sweet Time With Landlady and Painters.

ORANGE, N. J., July 26.—Because a swarm of bees have taken possession of a portion of the house at 13 Milton place, Orange, painters sent there to paint the house will not do the work; because the house has not been painted Mrs. Maurice O'Mara, the occupant, is disinclined to pay her rent; because Mrs. Booth, owner of the premises, has brought action in disposssession.

Among Mrs. Booth, the bees and the painters, Mrs. O'Mara has been having a hard time, but she still holds 300 pounds of honey which the bees have stored under the floors of the attic during the past four years.

Mrs. O'Mara says that when she rented the house Mrs. Booth promised to have it painted. On July 8 Mrs. Booth sent James P. Scanlan to do the job. The painters got the groundwork on about three-fifths of the house; then the bees got busy, and the painting stopped.

The painters put out the cracks, but the bees got out, so they burned the mixture which drove all the bees into one of the upper bedrooms and fled the house with an odor which sickened Mrs. O'Mara. That lady recovered soon, and, seeing the bees in the front room, went outside to where the painter was standing. Her version of the dialogue is as follows:

"Well, sir, I just went outside and I marches up to that painter and I says to him, 'Now, see here, you come up and look at it.' He come up and sort 'er snarled when he seen the bees in the room."

"Oh, you think it's funny, do you?" says I. "Well, you just observe those bees out of there—I'll give you half an hour to do it, and if it ain't done then I'll have you arrested." He kind 'er lost his little smile and said he guessed he'd rather be arrested.

Mrs. Booth came to the house one day, but Mrs. O'Mara wouldn't let her in because she thought Mrs. Booth wanted to tear up the floor and cart away the honey. Mrs. Booth then went to the District Court and the court told her to force an entrance. Mrs. Booth decided not to try it after looking Mrs. O'Mara over.

The painter says they won't do any more work until the bees are removed, but Mrs. O'Mara says Mrs. Booth is bound to carry out her agreement to paint the house regardless of the bees. She has employed a man alone in the care of bees to look after them and will harvest the honey in the winter when the bees are dormant.

## DOWN EAST WILD MAN CAUGHT.

Though Fleeing, He Was Run to Earth in Great Valley.

BOSTON, July 26.—The man who was seen running through the woods of East Braintree and Weymouth yesterday, half naked, has been found and committed to the care of the State insane authorities at Westboro. He is insane. He gave his name as Charles Henry Pratt, aged 43, of Shelton, Conn. He was first seen in the woods in East Braintree and was running through the underbrush and trees as if he was one of the original tree dwellers.

Pratt was naked from the waist up. A number of citizens hurried into the brush and tried to follow the "wild man," but he was far too fleet of foot. He ran into East Weymouth and was at last captured in that town by the Weymouths known locally as Goat Valley.

## JOTTINGS ABOUT TOWN.

The annual outing of the Porcupine Club, the headquarters of Fire Commission Hayes, Tammany, will take place on Aug. 2, starting at the clubhouse, 30 East 116th street, the members will start at 10 o'clock and will be back at the clubhouse at 4 o'clock. The members will be accompanied by the steamship Captain R. W. Groves, College Point.



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## PEARY BIDS KIN GOOD-BY.

HE SAYS AWAY FROM NORTH SYDNEY TO FIND THE POLE.

Reverend's Book Filled With Coal and Supplies—Explorer Looks Forward to a Reunion With the "Arctic Highlanders" Who Will Join His Party.

NORTH SYDNEY, N. S. W., July 26.—Commander Peary sailed at 2 o'clock this afternoon in search of the North Pole. His Arctic steamer, Roosevelt, which was delayed yesterday by the breaking of the crank of one of her pumps, necessitating its repair, came to this port early this morning and took supplies.

Peary is in the best of health and courage, and he has no doubt that he will find the pole. Yesterday he bade farewell to his wife and daughter, and they are now on their way home. The deck of the steamer presented a striking appearance, piled up, as it was, in one place with sacks of coal, whaling supplies and general stores. As the steamer proceeded all this will be packed away.

Speaking of the crowded state of the Roosevelt's deck, Peary said it was nothing compared to that of the steamers used in earlier expeditions. He will, if successful, be at North Sydney once more in September, 1906.

If he fails to reach the pole, it will be a year before Peary makes the return. He looks forward to meeting once more his faithful tribe, the Etah Eskimos, called the Arctic Highlanders. He knows personally the green man, whose name is Etah, and has taken twice a census of them, and has taken photographs and ethnological measurements of many of them. He trusts them absolutely, and he will take the risk of the tribe for his sledge journey to the pole.

## ROBERT C. PRUYN NOT LIABLE.

New Jersey Court Dismisses Suit Against the Ecuador Company.

TRENTON, N. J., July 26.—Vice-Chancellor Stevens dismissed to-day the suit instituted by the Ecuadorian Association, a Scotch corporation controlling the Guayaquil and Quito Railway, against the Ecuador Company, a New Jersey corporation, which is insolvent. The purpose of the suit was to compel Robert C. Pruyne, an Albany capitalist, to pay the full par value of \$25,000 of stock of the Ecuador Company alleged to have been subscribed by him and upon which it is charged only \$64,708 has been paid.

Mr. Pruyne was induced to go into the enterprise by Archer Harmon and his brother Major Harmon, whose admitted purpose was to eliminate Messrs. Dick and Leman, New York bankers, representing a voting trust that controlled the affairs of the Ecuadorian Association. The suit was to be done by the formation of subsidiary companies, one of which was the defunct Ecuador Company. There was a falling out among some of the men who were seeking control and the plan did not become effective.

Mr. Pruyne's alleged liability was based upon an agreement made with a third party, the Ecuadorian Association, to take the stock and to deliver certain property in return. The court held that there was no liability on his part to the company.

The Guayaquil Railway Company was built with the assistance of the Government of Ecuador, which guaranteed more than \$12,000,000 of its bonds.

## LIGHTNING HIT THEIR BUGGY.

Mrs. Coruthers of New York and Her Daughters Had a Narrow Escape.

SALIDA, Col., July 26.—Mrs. Geneva L. Coruthers of New York and her two daughters narrowly escaped death from a stroke of lightning while driving along the road between Salida and Buena Vista at 5 P. M. to-day. They were three miles east of Buena Vista when lightning struck their buggy, throwing the women from the vehicle and knocking the horse down.

It was some time before they regained consciousness. Finding everything in a state of confusion, they tried to get up to recover from the shock, and she at once began working to restore her daughters. When they recovered it was found that all were uninjured, except a few bruises. They then patched up the wrecked vehicle and drove to Buena Vista. The top of the buggy was torn off.

Mrs. Coruthers and her daughters were on their way to the Pacific Coast. They expect to be able to leave Buena Vista for the West to-morrow.

## COURTESY OF THE MOB.

Returned to a Deputy Sheriff the Handcuffs of a Negro They Lynched.

GREENWOOD, Miss., July 26.—When Deputy Sheriff Champ Taylor, from whom the mob took the negro, Will Harris, at Black Bayou yesterday, was returning from Sumner to Greenwood later in the afternoon members of the mob met him and handed to him the handcuffs with which the negro had been manacled while in the officers' charge, and told him they were no longer needed.

It was the notification, grim and novel, that Harris had paid the penalty for shooting a white man in Mississippi.

## Yellow Fever on the Isthmus.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—Albert C. Berger of Cleveland, who was taken ill with yellow fever at Panama on July 19, is dead, according to a report received to-day from Gov. Magdon of the Isthmian Canal Zone.

Mr. Berger was an employee at Panama. Two new cases were also reported—Louis Brand, a Swede, employed at Matanzas, was taken ill on July 20, and J. C. Sutcliffe, a Scotch employee, at Culabra, on July 21. The recovery of Joseph A. Corrigan, an American employee at Panama, is also reported.

## On The Level.

The New York Central Lines constitute the Water Level Line connecting the East and the West.

They run along the Hudson River, New York to Albany; along the Mohawk River and Erie Canal, Albany to Buffalo; along Lake Erie, Buffalo to Toledo and Detroit; and along the level of Lake Michigan from Toledo to Chicago—985 miles of water level, with water in sight nearly every mile of the way.

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## SHOOTING IN AUSTRALIA.

### STRANGE BIRDS AND ANIMALS SEEN BY A HUNTER.

Whitebacked Piping Crow—A Kangaroo Drive and How It is Conducted—Watching a Pair of Lyre Birds—Nest of an Emu—The Habitat of the Duckbill.

But a short time after my arrival in Melbourne, Australia, I fortunately made the acquaintance of a party who owned a sheep run, at the foot of the Australian Alps. So soon as he discovered my love for field sports he gave me a cordial invitation to accompany him on his return home, writes Frank J. Thompson in *Forest and Stream*, and enjoy a kangaroo hunt, which he would get up for my delectation.

I promptly accepted his kind offer and impatiently waited until he had finished the details of selling his crop of wool and purchased supplies for his run, to last for the ensuing twelve months. In a few days we started with the wagons, filled with provender, &c., and passed in the vicinity of the famous Fern Tree Gully.

We camped over night but a short distance from this noted locality, and my host and self cantered through the whole of it. I had seen and admired a number of these trees in the public squares of Melbourne, but the conglomeration of them at this famed locality fairly astounded me. About noon on the following day we passed a small wayside tavern, where I had my first interview with the white-backed piping crow. The landlord had a few of these birds, which he had just received, and when his master called it, it perched on his shoulder, while he walked out into an adjoining enclosure, where he sprinkled several handfuls of grain. The crow immediately flattered off to the fence and began to call for the members of its species which dwelt in the neighborhood. In a very short time quite a large flock had assembled, which quickly devoured the grain, while the pet showed his gratification by sundry high pitched notes, resumed his perch on his master's shoulder, and accompanied him back to the house.

Singular to relate, but a short time subsequently, while passing along the streets of Sydney one evening, I caught the sound of something whistling "Marching Through Georgia," and, tracing it to a barroom, entered, and at the cost of a glass of ale, learned from the barmaid that several years previously a panorama of the American war had been exhibited in the city, and the music caught the town and very naturally nearly every one was whistling it; consequently the pet white-backed crow caught the tune and had whistled it regularly ever since.

The sheep run was located at the foot of the Australian Alps, along the slopes of which it had been my intention to introduce me into the process of kangaroo hunting. As my first movement was to despatch several of the natives in his employ to hunt up a house of their fellow countrymen to serve as beaters, and as this would take several days, he proposed that I should go with him on one of his customary visits to one of his shepherds, on an outlying run. We accompanied the wagon, which took out stores to last for several weeks.

On our arrival I was surprised to find that the shepherd's sole companions were a flock of crows. His abode consisted of a small shanty, which could be lifted into a wagon and moved as the occasion required. The intelligence of the birds was amazing, and I was forced to know just what was expected of them and attended to the care of the flocks with all the skill and judgment of a human being.

After we made but a short stay with the shepherd, and hurried back to headquarters, anxious to commence our foray on the kangaroos.

In the morning after our return the native contingent began to arrive, and by daylight the entire posse, numbering about fifty, put in an appearance. Consequently early in the forenoon of the following day we were on the march to climb the slopes of the mountains, and by noon arrived in the vicinity of our game, as we scouts, who kept a small distance in advance, were already making the direction of my friend, and I only succeeded in dropping one great kangaroo during the remainder of the drive. I had just finished gathering up my game when my friend turned up with four great kangaroos and one black wallaby as his booty, and we returned to camp thoroughly satisfied with the result of our hunt.

The next day saw us at the homestead, and I began to make preparations for my return to Melbourne, when my host informed me that on the following morning he would furnish me with a couple of black ducks (Ornithorynchus paradoxus) as the finale of my visit. No one but a natural history enthusiast can imagine my feelings at this announcement, and I freely acknowledged that for the remainder of the day my actions would have been convinced any one that I was somewhat mentally unbalanced.

My host, a restless night, we started early the next morning on about a mile's ride in order to reach a small creek which was the habitat of the duck bill. A brisk canter soon brought us within about a hundred yards of the spot frequented by the animal, when we dismounted, tied our steeds to some overhanging branches, and stealthily crawled down the banks of the rivulet until we reached a green which was formed by weaving together the fol-

age of numerous living shrubs. Hastily handling me his binoculars, and peering into the distance, my friend whispered his first apprehension, my friend uttered me astounded and hurried away, leaving me in a somewhat discomposed state. Hastily breaking up, I leveled the margin of the rivulet, giving me an excellent opportunity to single out a sure shot about every time I pulled the trigger.

By making a firm stand against what I thought were precarious shots I pulled the trigger six times while the game were flying past me, and managed to gather up three red and two great kangaroos as my booty, accompanied by locally bred sheep, carrying one red and two great kangaroos, which made his bag. In a short time a number of other natives joined us, who shared my portion of the game, and we were tramped back to our camp much pleased with the result of our sport.

After our return I was entertained by an exhibition of dancing and throwing by the natives, and completely taken aback by the dexterity of a young colonist, who far exceeded the aborigines in the dexterous handling of this singular weapon. At his request I stood alongside him while he cast one from him, and was forced to make an expeditious side movement in order to escape being struck by it on its whirling return.

The next morning we moved our camp several miles along the foot of the hills and started the scouts out to hunt up a fresh instalment of game. Early in the afternoon two of the returned and reported the discovery of an emu's nest, a comparatively short distance away, and I accompanied them to it, not for the purpose of plunder, but simply to make an examination of it and its surroundings. On our near approach the male bird sprang up from the nest and ran away, thus verifying what I had read, that the male performs the duties of incubation. After closely inspecting the nest, which contained eleven dark green eggs, without disturbing it or its surroundings, we withdrew and left the male to resume his assumed duties.

On our return to camp we found that a majority of the scouts had returned and reported that there was a strong probability of making a good drive on the following morning, as they had found quite a number of indications of game in the neighborhood, besides several specimens.

We hurried off early the next day to the blinds which had been selected for our concealment on the previous day, and anxiously awaited the appearance of the kangaroos. My patience was not severely tested, as in a short time a batch of black wallabies put in an appearance and gave me an opportunity of getting four notes, three of which were successful. Making so good a beginning caused me to imagine that I would make a heavy bag during the drive, but I was much mistaken, as my friend turned up with four great kangaroos and one black wallaby as his booty, and we returned to camp thoroughly satisfied with the result of our hunt.

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I had impatiently waited its appearance for some time when my attention was caught by a flash of brownish color but a short distance from me, and I was taken by surprise by the appearance of a pair of lyre birds busily engaged in scraping quite a depression in the ground similar to those formed by our common barnyard fowls. My attention was so completely fixed by the actions of the birds that I became oblivious to my original purpose, when I was startled by a conscious blump-

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| \$13.00 Chairs, now \$6.50  | \$10.50 Rockers, now \$5.25    |
| \$13.50 Chairs, now \$6.75  | \$11.00 Rockers, now \$5.50    |
| \$14.00 Chairs, now \$7.00  | \$11.50 Rockers, now \$5.75    |
| \$14.50 Chairs, now \$7.25  | \$12.00 Rockers, now \$6.00    |
| \$15.00 Chairs, now \$7.50  | \$12.50 Rockers, now \$6.25    |
| \$15.50 Chairs, now \$7.75  | \$13.00 Rockers, now \$6.50    |
| \$16.00 Chairs, now \$8.00  | \$13.50 Rockers, now \$6.75    |
| \$16.50 Chairs, now \$8.25  | \$14.00 Rockers, now \$7.00    |
| \$17.00 Chairs, now \$8.50  | \$14.50 Rockers, now \$7.25    |
| \$17.50 Chairs, now \$8.75  | \$15.00 Rockers, now \$7.50    |
| \$18.00 Chairs, now \$9.00  | \$15.50 Rockers, now \$7.75    |
| \$18.50 Chairs, now \$9.25  | \$16.00 Rockers, now \$8.00    |
| \$19.00 Chairs, now \$9.50  | \$16.50 Rockers, now \$8.25    |
| \$19.50 Chairs, now \$9.75  | \$17.00 Rockers, now \$8.50    |
| \$20.00 Chairs, now \$10.00 | \$17.50 Rockers, now \$8.75    |
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| \$21.00 Chairs, now \$10.50 | \$18.50 Rockers, now \$9.25    |
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| \$22.00 Chairs, now \$11.00 | \$19.50 Rockers, now \$9.75    |
| \$22.50 Chairs, now \$11.25 | \$20.00 Rockers, now \$10.00   |
| \$23.00 Chairs, now \$11.50 | \$20.50 Rockers, now \$10.25   |
| \$23.50 Chairs, now \$11.75 | \$21.00 Rockers, now \$10.50   |
| \$24.00 Chairs, now \$12.00 | \$21.50 Rockers, now \$10.75   |
| \$24.50 Chairs, now \$12.25 | \$22.00 Rockers, now \$11.00   |
| \$25.00 Chairs, now \$12.50 | \$22.50 Rockers, now \$11.25   |
| \$25.50 Chairs, now \$12.75 | \$23.00 Rockers, now \$11.50   |
| \$26.00 Chairs, now \$13.00 | \$23.50 Rockers, now \$11.75   |
| \$26.50 Chairs, now \$13.25 | \$24.00 Rockers, now \$12.00   |
| \$27.00 Chairs, now \$13.50 | \$24.50 Rockers, now \$12.25   |
| \$27.50 Chairs, now \$13.75 | \$25.00 Rockers, now \$12.50</ |